

To His most Sacred Majesty
King William III.

A Congratulatory P O E M.

As it was Presented to His MAJESTY, by the
Author, at Grace-Church-Street Corner.

[I.]

HAIL! Mighty MONARCH, Hail!
Let Vict'ry's Wreath
Be 'Girt upon Thy BROW: Let *Angels* down
Descend with *Orbs*, t'incircle 'round Thy CROWN,
Since Blessed PEACE,
Arriv'd in *Brittain's* Isle,
Once Banish'd, comes again, with Heav'n's Auspicious Smile.

[II.]

Let ev'ry LOYAL Heart
Infatiate Gaze
On THEE with greedy Eyes: — And let Thy SOUL,
By the bright Builder of each Heav'nly Pole,
With *HALCYON* Dayes
Be Bless'd. Let each impart,
Who once *Offensive* were, a Humble, Contrite HEART.

[III.]

Thrice Hail, Heroick PRINCE!
Whose Actions Great,
Put *MARS* into a Trembling, Pannick Fear,
To see Great *Britain's* KING Reign GOD of WAR:
MINERVA Beat,
T'espy the CURB of *FRANCE*,
Her Left-hand *Gorgon's* Shield, against her Right-hand Lance.

[IV.]

Dread, Mighty MONARCH, may
Y'injoy the THRONE,
With Lasting, Plenteous PEACE; whilst Thy dread Fame
Scatters Amazement thro this tott'ring Frame:
That all may Own,
And ev'ry Nation Say;
Not Thund'ring *Jove*, but Mighty *NASSAU* Rules the Day:

[V.]

The World hath Felt Thine ARMS! —
Let th' *Shannon, Boyne,*
Athlone, Namure, Landen, and Steenkirk Tell
What Numbers by Thy Mighty PROWESS Fell.
Let th' Heavens Design
Thy Bliss: And let That ARM
SCEPTER'D, Secure Thy *Subjects* from all Foreign Harm.

[VI.]

Behold, Heroick SOUL!
Thy Subjects stand
Banish'd to see Thy Royal PRESENCE Bliss
(After Fatigues) this Isle's METROPOLIS.
Each Heart doth send
An Echo to'ards the Sky,
Thus Wishing, *CAESAR* Live! For Ever Live, say I,
Your MAJESTY's most
Dutiful, and Loyal Subject,

Benja. Harris.

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